# THE MEDLEY, No. 6.

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ORIGINAL.

## AMBULATOR, No. 1.

"AARON," ſaid Aunt Biddy, when ſhe had read the laſt number of the MEDLEY, "I wiſh you would "become a writer, and publiſh a number once a month." "Why ſhould I write Aunt?" "Becauſe in the books "and magazines you procure for us, I find ſome very "good ſtories, and could aſk *you* to have them printed "in your pieces, but I do not chooſe to ſend them to "the Printer myſelf, for they ſay thoſe who ſend him "pieces, muſt let him know their names, or he will not "inſert them,* and I ſhould not like to give him mine." "On what ſubject ſhall I write, and how commence?" She took out her pencil and wrote

"*Ambulator, No.* 1."

"Thus you may begin; and this ſtory you may put in "your firſt number." (Handing me a Magazine ſhe had been reading to the girls.) "Oh, no," ſaid Couſin Clara, "ſuch ſtuff is abominable; give us ſomething about "balls and parties, or faſhions, or——" She was here joined by all the young ladies, who with one voice declared in favor of having the faſhions publiſhed. My Aunt inſiſted on her piece, and the girls as violently contended for their propoſition. To gratify both parties, I conſented to commence author, and now enter

* Mrs. Biddy has been miſinformed, as the editor has no wiſh to receive the real names of his correſpondents.

the field, a candidate for fame; begging the ſuffrages of the public, without whoſe aſſiſtance I ſhall never arrive at the temple ſo often ſought. I invite all thoſe who may feel inclined to lend me their aid, to become correſpondents, addreſſing their letters to the care of the Printer of the MEDLEY, from whom I ſhall regularly receive them.

Having thus ſtated why I have become Eſſayiſt, I will give a ſpecimen of my Aunt's taſte, by complying with her requeſt; although I hope there are but few to whom the Allegory will apply:

THE Sun had juſt began to brighten the eaſtern horizon, when LORELLA, the beautiful daughter of ABIAO, left the dwelling of her parents, and commenced her accuſtomed walk in the adjoining garden. Animated by the beauty and freſhneſs of nature, and cheered by inhaling the unadulterated air of morn, ſhe tripped with nimble feet from path to path, and viſited with haſty ſteps every diviſion of the incloſure; ſhe regaled on the fragrance of the opening pink, and bruſhed the ſparkling drops from the modeſt violet. It was the garden of innocence and virtue; no choaking weeds were ſuffered to inſeſt it, and no poiſonous herb ſprung from its ſoil.

LORELLA had almoſt completed a bouquet for her boſom, when ſhe was ſurprized by the approach of a ſtranger. But the modeſty of his aſpect, the ſweetneſs of his accents, and the reſpectfulneſs of his addreſs, ſilenlenced her apprehenſions, and diſpelled every fear. Youth and ſenſibility glowed in his countenance, and his every motion was grace and activity. They diſcourſed on the beauties of nature, and the charms of virtue, and arm in arm viſited every tree, and examined the varying tints of every flower.

At length, taking the fair maid gently by the hand, the young ſtranger addreſſed her in the following words: "My charming LORELLA you are innocent, you are virtuous, you are contented, and you are happy. You have never paſſed the limits of theſe walls; you are ignorant

of other flowers, of other fruits, and of other amuſements than what you here enjoy; you therefore feel not their want, becauſe you know not their excellencies. But could you be perſuaded to accompany me, I would conduct you into the fair gardens of pleaſure which ſurround us; lead you through lofty groves and embowering ſhades; through walks ever green, and fields ever covered with verdure. You would there gaze with delight on the beauties, and enjoy the grateful fragrance of flowers unknown before; regale yourſelf with fruits which you have never taſted; and dance to muſic whoſe enchanting ſounds have never yet ſaluted your ears. There labor and care are unknown, and the ſtream of pleaſure flows without alloy, and without end."

LORELLA liſtened with eagerneſs and aſtoniſhment. "Thoſe fatal gardens," ſhe replied, "have my parents taught me ever to avoid. Their glowing fruits and variegated bloſſoms, which at a diſtance appear ſo delightful, the lip of parental fondneſs have ſaid, diſtil poiſon and exterminate life. The tyger and the deadly adder inhabit their groves, and the friend of miſery haunts every dwelling. I dare not go with you; the reiterated warnings of my parents I muſt heed, and their commands I muſt obey."

The young viſitant, in reply, repreſented the account as fabulous, and proteſted that a ſhort excurſion into theſe happy incloſures would not be attended with any ill conſequences, but, on the contrary, be perfectly ſafe, and productive of inconceivable delight. They even might return if ſhe pleaſed, before her parents could ſuſpect her being abſent. Invitations to pleaſure, urged by youthful eloquence, and ſeconded by the ardour of curioſity, were too potent for the reſiſtance of female fortitude, and ſhe at length conſented to accompany him.

They entered the confines of pleaſure, and were immediately invited by the company to join in their amuſements, and feaſt themſelves on the profuſion of dainties which were ſpread before them. LORELLA

admired their fruits, and tasted freely of their wines. She confessed them to be far more delicious than those which her own garden afforded; and after having finished her repast, mingled in the dances. All was gay, all was romantic, all was delightful. She almost fancied herself in the garden of Paradise, and accused her parents of rigour and cruelty, for wishing to deprive her of such enchanting pleasures.

Fatigue and the fumes of wine at length overcame her, and she sunk into the arms of sleep. Stupified by the poisonous feast, and the deleterious draught, she for a while remained insensible and ignorant of what was passing around her. On waking, she found herself deserted and alone, surrounded by horrors and exposed to every danger. A dreary desert appeared uninhabited by human beings, where nothing presented itself but barren sands, rocks piled upon rocks, and precipices threatening destruction; where nothing was heard but the whistling of winds, the howlings of wild beasts, and the screams of birds of prey.

Transfixed with terror, she remained motionless; She knew not whither to proceed for safety, and to remain was death. No friendly hand appeared to conduct her; no friendly voice saluted her; no propitious power descended to her relief. "Alas!" she cried where am I now? Is it real, or is it a dream? Nothing meets my eyes but images of horror and wretchedness; no place of refuge can be found, no way of escape is possible. Gracious Heaven! I have forsaken the dwelling of virtue, and strayed from the garden of innocence; I have despised the warnings of experience, and disobeyed the commands of wisdom; the laws of nature have I broken, and offended the Majesty of Heaven. To thee I dare not look up for assistance, nor fall at thy feet for pardon. To these abodes of misery hope never comes; no cheering ray of distant happiness warms the cold bosom of their wretched inhabitant; despair is her only portion, and death her only reprieve. Come then thou friend of the miserable; in thy cold embrace will I seek for comfort, and an exemption from my suffer-

ings. This pointed ſteel ſhall liberate me from the confines of this dreary abode, and conſign me to an eternity, in which my uncertain fate muſt be irrevocably fixed."

She ſaid, and with the firm hand of deſperation, plunged the deadly ſteel into her boſom.

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I comply with the deſire of the young ladies, becauſe it is particularly pleaſing to me to give them ſatisfaction, and it is probable that in a few months, two words *(Fig Leaf)* each number, will be ſufficient to give a full deſcription of a Lady's dreſs.

Before I proceed on this ſubject, ſome hiſtorical account of Madam Faſhion, may not be unintereſting. It is extracted from a late European publication.

FASHION, who is the offspring of the magician Novelty, and the fairy Invention, is a native of France. At her birth her father endowed her with the gift of univerſal attraction; and her mother beſtowed upon her the power of renewing her beauty and youthful appearance every half year. Thus armed and equipped, ſhe has bid defiance to rivalſhip, and ſet the depredations of time at naught. Bred up from her earlieſt infancy in the gay, unthinking court of the moſt fantaſtical nation in the world, it cannot be wondered at, that ſhe is full of variety and caprice, and delights in that abſolute ſovereignty, ſo dear to female hearts. I forget in whoſe reign this little ſorcereſs was introduced to the Britiſh Court; but it muſt be a long while ago, for Wiſdom was prime miniſter, and Common Senſe and Economy were ſecretaries of ſtate. The nation had long been repoſing on the lap of peace; proviſions were cheap, and money was plentiful. This ſituation of affairs was perfectly favorable to the reception of the beautiful ſtranger, whoſe appearance filled every heart with love, every eye with admiration! all ranks, all ages of both ſexes, were equally infatuated. Nothing now was thought of but Faſhion. The moſt ridiculous and abſurd of her mandates, were obeyed with implicit and blind zeal—The neat ſimple attire of their anceſtors was thrown by,

with contempt, and the new fangled frippery of their lately adopted ſovereign was ſubſtituted in its ſtead, with an enthuſiaſm that bordered on phrenzy. The world ſeemed turned topſy turvy;—for the ſhort and the tall, the fat and the ſlender, nay, even the young and the old, wore the livery of Faſhion without diſtinction; or the leaſt regard to what was becoming or proportionable. Intoxicated with pride at her newly extended power. Faſhion knew no end to the variety of her caprices, which nothing could equal but the FOLLY of her votaries; every hour produced freſh changes; hardly was it poſſible to appear TWICE in the ſame habit; and to the great detriment of people's fortune, every thing muſt be of foreign manufactory, becauſe it was ſcarce and expenſive. Thus more money was laviſhed in a few years, for Faſhion-ſake, than had been given for God-ſake, in two centuries. You may be ſure poor Wiſdom was in a wonderful quandary, at the alarming ſituation of Old England. In vain did he frown and remonſtrate at the folly of the people;—they only laughed, called him an old quiz, and went on juſt the ſame. But Faſhion reſented his interference more highly; ſhe made a public declaration, that "Wiſdom was inimical to Faſhion," and directly every body tried to be as fooliſh as they could; and it is recorded, that they ſucceeded ſo well, that no body could have ſuppoſed they had ever been *otherwise.*

The diſgrace of Wiſdom, entailed the ſame misfortune upon his coadjutors Common Senſe and Economy; the latter was decapitated as a traitor; the former ran away, and got ſafe to America, and was afterwards a prime favourite with the great Waſhington, and his adviſer in every action of any moment. However, Wiſdom, though diſgraced, was neither executed nor baniſhed, but continued to live in retirement till the reign of his preſent Majeſty, when he was again introduced at court by the late earl of Chatham, and juſtly careſſed his ſovereign. It was then he put in execution a plan he had long meditated. He ſaw with concern the influence of Faſhion on the minds of the people, had not

in the leaſt abated; he ſaw, too, that every attempt to leſſen it would only be attended with diſappointment & diſgrace; to modify it, therefore, and render it leſs dangerous to their morals and fortunes was all that could be hoped. In order to accompliſh this deſired end, he propoſed a marriage between the univerſal favourite, Faſhion, and an amiable youth, called Good Taſte, the ſon of Good Senſe, by the nymph Fancy, who poſſeſſing all the ſolidity of his Father, joined to the playful variety of his Mother, was the fitteſt companion poſſible for Faſhion. His features were regular, his countenance expreſſive, and the ſymmetry of his form the moſt perfect imaginable— no wonder then he was received with ſo much complacency by the fair lady—the nuptials were ſhortly after ſolemnized with the greateſt pomp and magnificence; never was any thing equal to the wonderful change that ſucceeded this union; the firſt ſtep to amendment, was the diſmiſſal of Effrontery (the handmaid Faſhion had brought with her from France) and the filling up her place by Modeſty, a native of England. Faſhion was now the beſt wife in the world; Not the leaſt article of dreſs would ſhe put on without conſulting her huſband; to whoſe juriſdiction ſhe entirely left the apparel of the gentlemen. Thus an elegant ſimplicity was ſubſtituted for finery; and people were allowed to ſtudy their complexion and ſhape, in chooſing the colour and form of their cloaks. Faſhion now appeared lovely indeed!—The hand of Modeſty adjuſted her attire, and concealment heightened every charm. She wore no rouge, for the bluſhes with which Modeſty ſupplied her were allowed by every one to be infinitely more becoming. The ample flowing robe of gloſſy ſilk gave beauty to her form and dignity to her port. In winter the rich ſatin defended her delicate limbs from the cold. In ſummer, the thinner luteſtring and ſarſenet gave lightneſs to her attire. The poor artizan flouriſhed—and Faſhion was the friend of the people!——Why muſt I reverſe this beautiful picture? Alas truth ordains! I muſt obey! The great influx of foreigners juſt before the French revolution, was the

ruin of poor Faſhion. She renewed her acquaintance with too many of her old friends, and began, by degrees to adopt their manners. Notwithſtanding the anger of her huſband, and the remonſtrance of her handmaid, ſhe once more loaded her cheeks with rouge, and aſſumed the French ton in every thing ſhe did and ſaid. And when the troubles in France obliged ſo many emigrants to ſeek refuge in England, the contagion became irreſiſtable. Every day produced new diſturbances between Faſhion and Good Taſte; but when at laſt, ſhe diſcharged Modeſty, to take her ci-devant handmaid into favour again; the diſpleaſure of her huſband knew no bounds, and he declared that he was determined not to live another day under the ſame roof with her. To this menace ſhe replied with the moſt perfect ſang froid—that ſhe had long thought it extremely gothic to live upon good terms with her huſband, and that ſhe was happy to find he was of the ſame opinion: that if he thought his honor injured, he might ſeek his redreſs in Doctor's Commons, and reſt aſſured ſhe ſhould think the reſtoration of her freedom an ample compenſation for the loſs of his affection. So ſaying, ſhe flung out of the room, and ſkipped into the carriage, that was waiting to take her to the lodgings of an emigrant count, called Monſieur, La Folie, with whom ſhe had long been carrying on an intrigue, and whoſe extravagance and propenſity to gaming, have ſeverely puniſhed her guilt and folly in the event. Good Taſte took Faſhion at her word, and procured a divorce which was no ſooner put in force, than he eſpouſed Modeſty, whoſe attractions, when contraſted to the diſguſting boldneſs of Faſhion, he found irreſiſtable, and whoſe amiable ſweetneſs and unaffected delicacy, made more than amends, for her obſcure birth and ſmall fortune.

With this new conſort he endeavoured to eſtabliſh a court in oppoſition to Faſhion, and which, in ſome degree ſucceeded; for though their ſociety is ſmall, it is compoſed of the moſt eſtimable characters. In the mean time poor Faſhion, led on by her ſeducer from one folly to another, has nearly expended all her ſubſtance, ſince

every ſhilling of money ſhe can command is ſcarcely ſufficient to ſupply her gaming expences. Full of that politique ſo natural to Frenchmen, he has made even her vanity ſubſervient to his wants. Under a pretence that ſilk dreſſes, were heavy and ungraceful, he perſuaded her to renounce wearing any;—cheap white muſlin was adopted inſtead, and invariably worn, ſummer and winter; in oppoſition to the dictates of Reaſon & Feeling, who exclaim loudly againſt the inconſiſtency of making no difference between Chriſtmas and July. Pockets, he ſaid, ſpoilt the ſymmetry of the form—Faſhion declared ſhe would wear none, and her pocket handkerchief and purſe were borne by her lover who took care to empty the latter, for his own advantage. The leſs expenſive her attire, the more ſhe could ſpare for him—he recommended therefore, naked arms, an uncovered boſom, thin petticoats & all the indecencies that diſgraced the laſt year of the eighteenth century. Poor deluded Faſhion, duped by his artifices, has ſacrificed nearly all her wardrobe to his inſatiable avarice, and had it not been for a pelice, ſent her as a preſent by Common Sence, and which Neceſſity (her now conſtant attendant) obliged her to wear, the nineteenth century would have found her almoſt in a ſtate of nature. The extreme low ſtate of her finances, and the conſequent coldneſs of her lover have made it hoped by many, that ſhe will ſhortly be obliged to ſeek a ſubſiſtance by becoming the handmaid of Modeſty. If ſuch a change ſhould take place, we may then flatter ourſelves, with the pleaſing hope of ſeeing our fair country women reſtored to their former dignity. A beautiful woman, adorned by Faſhion, under the direction of Modeſty and Good Taſte, is indeed a moſt pleaſing ſight—it excites as much reſpect as admiration—and what is admiration *without* reſpect? It is the ſmoke of the incenſe on the altar of the idolator—it *defiles* the image it pretends to *adore!*

How Faſhion got to America, our author has not informed us. All I know is, that during our revolutionary war ſhe became very popular by attending to the

advice of Economy, a blood relation of the perſon having the ſame name, who was executed in England as a traitor. Common Senſe had alſo conſiderable influence over her. She was the delight of every one, and her livery [*home manufacture*] adorned the ſage and patriot. But on the return of peace, ſhe diſcarded her old companions, and has become very intimate with a Miſs Fickle, and two or three other notorious ſwindlers who continue changing and robbing her, until it is much feared ſhe will be left in the ſame ſituation of our firſt parents.

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## LONDON FASHIONS—FOR APRIL.

*Morning Dress*—Grey ſarſenet chemiſe, with broad white lace round the boſom—looſe ſleeves to the wriſt; a looſe feſtoon from the ſhoulder, trimmed with lace. Cottage bonnet, lined with pale blue. Spaniſh cloak of grey or white ſarſenet. Blue or grey ſhoes.

*Full Dress*—Petticoat of white ſilk; veſt of ſilver muſlin, made in the Circaſſian ſtile; ſhort ſleeves of white ſilk, bordered with ſpangles, and looped up to the ſhoulder with ſilver twiſt; a broad white lace made plain to the arm beneath. Tucker of broad white lace, or handkerchief of fleſh colored crape, ſpangled and croſſed over the boſom. Turban of fleſh colored Perſian, with a diamond creſſent in front, and ſmall Turkiſh feather. The bottom of the petticoat bordered with fleſh coloured ſilk net, variegated with ſpangles.—White ſhoes, pearl necklace, pearl bracelets and zone.

### GENERAL REMARKS.

Lace and jewels are much worn—falſe hair of every deſcription, is getting into diſrepute, except with a few venerable ladies of Haut Ton, who are privileged.—Belles of diſtinction begin to imagine a fine form ſhews to greater advantage in light elegant drapery than in none at all. Painting in red is not thought ſo neceſſary to give animation to a fine complexion or eyes—native charms are better appreciated. Several daſhing fair ones have appeared lately in Perſian trowſers, edged

with white lace, peeping beneath the bottom of the petticoat and ſhewing viſibly through a thin upper garment—this Hermaphroditical attire will, however, we hope, ſoon ſink into diſgraceful oblivion.

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I now take my leave for the preſent, aſſuring thoſe who may think proper to honor me, that their communications ſhall be duly noticed.

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## CHARACTER OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

*By Allan B. Magruder, Esq.*

THE ſuperior diſtinction which Mr. Jefferſon has acquired in the political world, was founded upon the alliance of virtue and fortune. Great events give birth to great talents. It is not difficult to ſay, however, that had the revolution in America never taken place, he would have ariſen to conſiderable fame in the republics of letters and philoſophy. The advantages of an excellent education, habits of application and ſtudy, were circumſtances, that gave to his mind, an inclination for philoſophical and literary purſuits.—His Notes on the ſtate of Virginia, a work, though incomplete, and conſidered merely as bearing the features of its title, is however not without conſiderable merit.—It diſcovers a mind at once ſagacious and inquiſitive; and capable by the gradual means of experiment and rational deduction, of unfolding the ſublimeſt principles of truth.—But the ſame great event which has immortalized the genius of American patriotiſm, and drawn from obſcurity, the moſt brilliant talents in the field and the cabinet, paid an equal tribute to the virtues of Mr. Jefferſon, and gave him diſtinction in the firſt rank of ſtatesmen.—At the firſt ſhock of that convulſion, which eventually ſeparated the continent of America, from Great Britain, the philoſophical apparatus fell from his hand. Governed by that genuine potriotiſm which ſa-

crifices private intereſt to public felicity, he exchanged rural eaſe and retirement for the buſtle of active life, the amuſements of the laboratory, for the more intereſting duties of the cabinet.—In this ſituation, Mr. Jefferſon appears to have been deſigned by fortune and accident, to combine with the ſolidity the durability of a reputation. His advancement was gradual; and every ſtep of it, was marked by a diſplay of talents that was equally honorable to himſelf and competent to the difficulties occaſioned by the precipitancy of events.—There is a contemptible activity which ſacrifices perſonal dignity and independence to the rage of ambition and the deſire of fame. Not contented with the internal conſciouſneſs of deſerving applauſe, and waiting with compoſure, for the period, which ſhall beſtow it, it goes in ſearch of unmerited laurels, and courts the acquiſition, at the expence of every ſentiment of delicacy and propriety. This imputation never tarniſhed the character of Mr. Jefferſon. The ſuffrages of his country were wiſely diſpoſed of. He deſerved conſideration and he obtained it. He never followed fame; but fame appears to have purſued him, through every department, in which, fortune or accident, may have placed him. An underſtanding clear and ſagacious, integrity unpolluted by public reproach or private malice, and principles whoſe ſoundneſs and moderation are the beſt teſtimonials of their ſincerity, were qualifications that called him to the higheſt departments of ſtate.

If I may be permitted to give an opinion of the political principles of Mr. Jefferſon, it will be drawn from the aggregate qualifications, of his character. This mode, however, may be a very fallible one in forming the judgment; becauſe the moſt manly virtues, and the moſt brilliant intellects, are, too frequently, in conflict, with the latent feelings of the heart. But it would be uncharitable, in the preſent inſtance, to conceive of a diſparity, which nothing confirms and every thing refutes. It would be barbarous to violate the ſentiments of benevolence, and to reproach the judgment with a defect, without the evidence of truth and reaſon. It is

difficult to mark the progreſs of perſonal intereſt, in the actions of a man, every part of whoſe conduct has been connected together, by a chain of uniform morality, whoſe tone is deciſive, whoſe ſtyle and language clear and nervous, whoſe principles convey the reality of juſtice and the convictions of experience and reflection.

The political principles of Mr. Jefferſon, are drawn from an expanded intellect, that conſults the oracles of nature and reaſon, as its only guides—Born at a period, when the whole univerſe is convulſed, by the conflicting paſſions of mankind, his ſtudy is to reconcile the jarring elements and to extract felicity and order from miſery and confuſion.—Experience and obſervation have pointed out to him the wrecks of ambition, and the deſpotiſm of error and prejudice. They have conveyed his mind through the various regions of ſociety, familiarized it with the melancholy exhibition of loſt dignity, of injured innocence, of polluted virtue; and left it in the awful contemplation of ſcenes at which his humanity ſhudders.—It is no wonder, therefore, that his opinions are the pious innovations of the philoſopher, who wiſhes to repair the injuries which an unjuſt policy has occaſioned in the world; that he cheriſhes them as a peculiar tribute to his own feelings, which the underſtanding confirms and the heart ratifies. Upon this liberal plan of philanthrophy, Mr. Jefferſon is the true citizen of the world. Like Cato he feels an attachment for his country, but like Socrates, his affections embrace the univerſe.

It will be difficult to reconcile the principles of ſuch a character, with the views and inclinations that govern the parаſite of deſpotiſm.—The firſt are founded upon a baſis whoſe truth is irreſiſtable; whoſe origin is nature; whoſe attribute, morality; whoſe eſſence, reaſon. The laſt ſets nature at defiance, conſiders morality as mockery, and reaſon as a fool.—If, therefore, Mr. Jefferſon differs in opinion with many of his countrymen, it is becauſe he differs in the degree of eſtimation, in which theſe things are mutually held He con-

crifices private intereſt to public felicity, he exchanged rural eaſe and retirement for the buſtle of active life, the amuſements of the laboratory, for the more intereſting duties of the cabinet.—In this ſituation, Mr. Jefferſon appears to have been deſigned by fortune and accident, to combine with the ſolidity the durability of a reputation. His advancement was gradual; and every ſtep of it, was marked by a diſplay of talents that was equally honorable to himſelf and competent to the difficulties occaſioned by the precipitancy of events.—There is a contemptible activity which ſacrifices perſonal dignity and independence to the rage of ambition and the deſire of fame. Not contented with the internal conſciouſneſs of deſerving applauſe, and waiting with compoſure, for the period, which ſhall beſtow it, it goes in ſearch of unmerited laurels, and courts the acquiſition, at the expence of every ſentiment of delicacy and propriety. This imputation never tarniſhed the character of Mr. Jefferſon. The ſuffrages of his country were wiſely diſpoſed of. He deſerved conſideration and he obtained it. He never followed fame; but fame appears to have purſued him, through every department, in which, fortune or accident, may have placed him. An underſtanding clear and ſagacious, integrity unpolluted by public reproach or private malice, and principles whoſe ſoundneſs and moderation are the beſt teſtimonials of their ſincerity, were qualifications that called him to the higheſt departments of ſtate.

If I may be permitted to give an opinion of the political principles of Mr. Jefferſon, it will be drawn from the aggregate qualifications, of his character. This mode, however, may be a very fallible one in forming the judgment; becauſe the moſt manly virtues, and the moſt brilliant intellects, are, too frequently, in conflict, with the latent feelings of the heart. But it would be uncharitable, in the preſent inſtance, to conceive of a diſparity, which nothing confirms and every thing refutes. It would be barbarous to violate the ſentiments of benevolence, and to reproach the judgment with a defect, without the evidence of truth and reaſon. It is

difficult to mark the progreſs of perſonal intereſt, in the actions of a man, every part of whoſe conduct has been connected together, by a chain of uniform morality, whoſe tone is deciſive, whoſe ſtyle and language clear and nervous, whoſe principles convey the reality of juſtice and the convictions of experience and reflection.

The political principles of Mr. Jefferſon, are drawn from an expanded intellect, that conſults the oracles of nature and reaſon, as its only guides—Born at a period, when the whole univerſe is convulſed, by the conflicting paſſions of mankind, his ſtudy is to reconcile the jarring elements and to extract felicity and order from miſery and confuſion.—Experience and obſervation have pointed out to him the wrecks of ambition, and the deſpotiſm of error and prejudice. They have conveyed his mind through the various regions of ſociety, familiarized it with the melancholy exhibition of loſt dignity, of injured innocence, of polluted virtue; and left it in the awful contemplation of ſcenes at which his humanity ſhudders.—It is no wonder, therefore, that his opinions are the pious innovations of the philoſopher, who wiſhes to repair the injuries which an unjuſt policy has occaſioned in the world; that he cheriſhes them as a peculiar tribute to his own feelings, which the underſtanding confirms and the heart ratifies. Upon this liberal plan of philanthrophy, Mr. Jefferſon is the true citizen of the world. Like Cato he feels an attachment for his country, but like Socrates, his affections embrace the univerſe.

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ſiders nature the ſource of every human right, morality the baſis, and reaſon the unerring guide of every human action. Of courſe he perceives no grades in ſociety, no partial diſtinctions; conſiders the people as the ſource of all power, and the peculiar guardians of their own rights.—He makes allowances for the particular ſituation in which he has found mankind. He endeavours to reconcile their different intereſts by inſtitutions that are calculated to produce the moſt extenſive and complete felicity. Conſulting nature, his maxims of government are ſimple and refined. They do not partake too much of that overſtrained energy, which borders on oppreſſion, or of that looſe, licentious fanaticiſm, which is connected with the ſubverſion of all order and ſecurity in government. They point eventually to a reform of abuſes, which have conſtituted the greateſt ſhare of miſery in ſociety, which he conſiders the excreſcences of ſtate, and the germ of deſpotiſm.

It is ſaid that Mr. Jefferſon is a philoſopher; that conſequently he poſſeſſes a peculiar caſt of mind, that unfits him for the duties of a ſtateſman. Let this objection reſt in the boſom of the illiberal paraſite of power, who ſits at the foot-ſtool of deſpotiſm and dreads the influence of a ſingle qualification, that might ſoften the afflictions of a nation. For my part, I percieve not the incompatibility complained of.—The philoſopher is nothing more than a being whoſe morality is elevated; whoſe opinions are drawn from the convictions of truth and reaſon; whoſe expanded intellect diſdains the ſhackles of prejudice, and whoſe ſoul looks with complacency upon the errors and falibilities of mankind. The reverſe of theſe qualifications, conſtitutes the features of tyranny, whenever it is blended with extenſive power.

There is an inviſible chain which connects immorality with a contempt for truth, a contempt for truth with the deluſions of error, and the deluſions of error with the moſt brutal tyranny. Hence the licentiouſneſs of courts, and the patriotic crimes of ambition;

hence that cold philoſophy which chills the warmth of benevolence, and ſacrifices on the polluted altar of deſpotiſm, the felicity of millions.

Diſdaining the character of the courtier, where puſillanimity and flattery are the ſteps by which the obſequious ariſe to fame and diſtinction, Mr. Jefferſon has filled the higheſt office of governments, by his own intrinſic merit. The ſimplicity of his manners and the reſervedneſs of his temper, are the characteriſtics of a vigorous mind, which graſps at higher objects, than the mere arts of pleaſing.—Yet there is no man, in private life, more amiable, none more dignified, and none whoſe manners poſſeſs in a higher degree, the incomparable felicity of inſpiring the combined emotions of attachment and reſpect. He has contemplated men and things in the different lights in which they are, and in which they ſhould be. His reflections on this ſubject, are the ſources of his humanity and forbearance; qualifications which travel buſineſs and books, have matured into practice, and given to his mind a degree of philoſophical tranquility, infinitely ſuperior to moſt of his cotemporaries. Let not this placidity of temper, be miſtaken for coldneſs and apprehenſion. He does not poſſeſs an underſtanding, incapable of being inſpired with intrepidity when great objects demand its energy. The American declaration of independence, his negotiations in ſeveral of the moſt ſubtle cabinets of Europe, and his communications with the intriguing miniſters of France and England, whilſt ſecretary of ſtate, will remain the durable memorials of a great mind, at once capable of combining the various qualifications of energy, deliberate coolneſs and penetration.

(*To be continued.*)

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## A DISCOVERY.

A LEARNED gentleman has diſcovered, that the word in Hebrew, which is commonly tranſlated *rib*, more properly ſignifies a *tongue*; conſequently Eve was taken out of a part of Adam's *tongue*. This is extremely probable.

SELECTIONS.

# HISTORY OF MARIA ARNOLD.

*(Continued from page 89.)*

WHEN I came within ſight of the parſonage, my ſenſation nearly overcame me.—Here I once fondly hoped to have found the ſame domeſtic felicity and contentment I had formerly experienced; but mark the mutability of human bliſs! The ſpot, ſo lately the abode of happineſs and of innocence, now appeared the ſeat of ſilence and ſolitude, of ſorrow and of death. Scarce had I reſolution to approach the houſe; for although I well knew the reſignation and the piety of Arnold, yet I dreaded to recal thoſe ſcenes, the recollection of which would only give edge to his painful taſk. The villagers were aſſembled on the green, dreſſed in their neateſt clothes, and thoſe who could afford it in black—There was not a whiſper heard among them; the tear rolled down their honeſt cheeks, and on their features dwelt the ſentiments of pity and regret.

A lane was formed for me as I paſſed along; we interchanged not a word; I caſt 'my eyes upon the ground' they wept aloud. I was ſo much affected I could ſcarce ſit upon my horſe, and leaving it at a cottage when I got through them, I went to the parſonage on foot. I entered, and meeting a ſervant in the hall, he pointed to the parlour and retired.

I advanced towards it—the door was half open, and ſliding ſoftly in, a ſpectacle preſented itſelf whoſe impreſſion will never be eraſed from my memory. In the middle of the room was placed the coffin of Maria;—the lid was taken off, and beſide it, in his robes knelt the unfortunate Frederick Arnold. Maria's lifeleſs hand was locked in his, and on her clay-cold corpſe was fixed his ſtreaming eyes. A conſiderable ſhade was thrown over the room; the windows looking upon the green being cloſed up, but through the garden window the ſun broke in, and ſhone full upon the features of Arnold; his countenance was pale, languid, but re-

markably intereſting, and received a peculiar degree of expreſſion from the tint of the morning light; and his hair, which had early became white, was ſcattered in thin portions over his temples and forehead.——I ſtood impreſſed with awe, my ſoul was filled with compaſſion, and I wiſhed to indulge my ſorrow; but as Arnold did not perceive me, I thought it beſt not to interrupt him; and was therefore going to retire, when ſuddenly riſing up, he exclaimed, "Farewell, my Maria! Thou that "wert the ſolace of my age, farewell! Oh, if thy un- "embodied ſpirit ſtill hovers o'er this ſcene of things, "be preſent to thy afflicted father; pour comfort in "his wounded boſom; to do this will be thy paradiſe, "Maria, and ſure thou haſt met with thy reward.— "What if unavailing regret ſtill tortures this diſtract- "ed heart, ſtill brings thy injured form to view, yet "through the mercies of my God, will I look forward "with hope; I will meet thee, O my daughter, in Hea- "ven. God of mercies hear me!"—"He will, he will, "thou good old man," I cried, "He will liſten to thy "prayers."—Arnold ſtarted—"It is thou, my ſon?" he ſaid; and falling upon my neck he wept; then preſently recovering himſelf he advanced with compoſure towards the coffin;—"Come hither," he cried, "and "view the remains of fallen innocence and beauty;— "ſee my ſon, what one ſtep from rectitude of conduct "has produced; ſee the unfortunate Maria."—I advanced, and kneeling down, kiſſed the pale hand of Maria; a ſweet ſerenity dwelt upon her features, and ſhe ſeemed to be aſleep. I would have ſpoken, but I could not; I ſighed in a convulſive manner, for the tumult of my ſpirits quite oppreſſed me; and Arnold obſerving this, ſeized my arm, ordering the coffin to be ſcrewed down, conveyed me into another room——Here, in a little time, I recovered ſome calmneſs of mind, and Arnold, taking me by the hand, deſired me to collect all my fortitude; "I go to bury my Maria," he ſaid, "but let "not the murmurings of diſcontent break in upon the "ſacred rite;" ſo ſaying he quitted the room, and giving orders for the proceſſion, proceeded to the church.

In a few minutes the coffin was carried out upon the green; it was covered with black velvet, over which was thrown a pall of white ſatin, and here half a dozen young women, dreſſed in black with white ſaſhes, ſupported it whilſt as many in the ſame habit walked two and two before, and the like number behind it. They ſung a dirge adapted to the occaſion, and with ſlow and ſolemn ſteps went forward to the church. The whole village followed, and never was ſorrow better painted, than in the features of this mournful group. I loitered at a little diſtance, abſorbed in the melancholy of my own reflections.

*——the bell*
*Of death beat ſlow!——*
*It paused now, and now with riſing knell*
*Flung on the hollow gale its ſullen ſound.*

MASON.

*(To be continued.)*

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Mr. LEDYARD, a native of Connecticut, who traverſed ſome of the moſt dreary regions of Ruſſia, in a letter to Doctor Ledyard of Long-Iſland, wrote as follows.

"You have no idea of the exceſſive cold in the re-
"gion of Siberia. By experiments that I made at
"Yakutſk, I found on the 19th of November the mer-
"cury in my thermometer froze. In December I
"found by repeated obſervations, that two ounces of
"clear quickſilver openly expoſed, froze hard in fifteen
"minutes. I obſerved that in theſe ſevere froſts, the
"air was condenſed, as it is with you in a thick fog—
"the atmoſphere is frozen—reſpiration is fatiguing, &c.
"It is a happy law of nature, that in ſuch intenſe
"cold there is ſeldom any wind—when there is, it is
"dangerous to be abroad.

"There are no wells at Yakutſk; for it is found by
"experiment that the water freezes at ſixty feet deep.

" People of theſe regions are therefore obliged to uſe " ice and ſnow. They have alſo ice windows—glaſs " is of no uſe to the few who have it; the difference " in the ſtate of the air, within and without, is ſo great, " that the glaſs is covered on the inſide with ſeveral " inches of froſt, and in that ſituation it is leſs lumi- " nous than ice. The timber of the houſes ſplits and " opens with loud cracks—the rivers thunder, and open " with broad fiſſures—all nature groans beneath the " rigorous winter."

## ST. CLOUD,

*The residence of the Chief Consul of France.*

ST. CLOUD is watered by the river Seine, at the diſtance of about ſix miles from Paris. The origin of the name is from Clovis, the founder of the French monarchy. It has been called by the continental lawyers a ducal peerage, and was attached to the archbiſhopric of Paris, the incumbent of which, from this qualification, attained the rank of duke of St. Cloud and peer of France. The approach to the village is over a ſtone bridge, which leads to the palace through a protracted avenue. It was occupied by the royal family in the troubleſome reign of Henry III. and here that prince fell under the hand of the aſſaſſin. James Clement a young Dominican monk, worked up to religious frenzy by his fanatical companions of the cloiſter, iſſued from the darkneſs of his cell to the ſplendors of the palace, confident of obtaining a heavenly crown, by wreſting the earthly diadem from the head of his ſacriligious prince. He procured falſe letters of credence, and was admitted to the royal cabinet. Having delivered his papers, he approached his ſovereign, as if to impart ſome matter of great moment, at that inſtant he drew a poniard from beneath his tunic, and ſheathed it in the vitals of Henry. The prince himſelf drew it forth from the wound, and ſcreaming aloud for aſſiſtance, ſtruck the monk with the reeking weapon on the fore-

head. The attendants ruſhed in, pierced the delinquent with an hundred ſwords, and in the fury of their indignation, threw the mangled carcaſe from the window, from whence it appeared daſhed to pieces on the platform. Thus fell the laſt prince of the illuſtrious houſe of Valois.

The palace afterwards devolved to the Goudy family, from which it was obtained by Lewis XIV. for his brother, the duke of Orleans. It is conſidered one of the moſt beautiful royal reſidences of the kingdom; the ſituation, the views, the caſcades, the woods, the ſtatuary, and the architecture, all contribute to reward the ſpectator. Two courts appear in the front, the nearer being a terrace conſiderably elevated above the more remote. The building is compoſed of a centre and wings, the latter being united to the main building by the mediation of two pavillions. The central *facade* is about one hundred and fifty feet wide, and riſes to the altitude of about twenty-five. On entering the inner court, in the niches of the right wing, we obſerve four ſtatues, repreſenting eloquence, muſic, youth, and jollity; on the left are Momus, a Bacchant, Peace and Riches. The moſt remarkable of the apartments are the celebrated gallery of Apollo, and the two ſaloons to which the left wing is devoted; theſe are connected in one line, and, at the extreme, open to an orangery, through which is ſeen in the diſtance, as on the diſk of a teleſcope, the city of Paris, and the expanſive vale where it repoſes. In the grand ſaloon which precedes the gallery, are beautiful paintings, giving the progreſſive hiſtory of the love of Mars and Venus. Cupids are repreſented as diſarming the god of his beamy terrors before he approaches the yielding form of his divine miſtreſs; but the diſcreet artiſt has given a leſſon of caution to ſenſuality in the figure of the ſon Latona, who appears as the effulgent orb of day, diſcovering to Vulcan the laſcivious dalliance of his wife with her ardent paramour. In the gallery are repreſented the birth of Apollo and Diana, and various ſtories from the claſſic poets.